perienced connoisseurs in art, the pure "aesthetes," like to ignore.—Moreover, almost all music has a magical effect only when we hear it speak the language of our own *past.* Accordingly, it seems to the layman that all the old music is continually growing better, and that all the latest is of little value. For the latter arouses no " sentimentality," that most essential element of happiness, as aforesaid, for every man who cannot approach this art with pure aesthetic enjoyment.

169.

As FRIENDS OF Music.—Ultimately we are and remain good friends with music, as we are with the light of the moon. Neither, after all, tries to supplant the sun: they only want to illumine our nights to the best of their powers. Yet we may jest and laugh at them, may we not ? Just a little, at least, and from time to time ? At the man in the moon, at the woman in the music ?

170.

ART IN AN AGE OF WORK.—We have the conscience of an industrious epoch. This debars us from devoting our best hours and the best part of our days to art, even though that art be the greatest and worthiest. Art is for us a matter of leisure, of recreation, and we consecrate to it the *residue* of our time and strength. This is the cardinal fact that has altered the relation of art to life. When art makes its great demands of time and strength upon its recipients, it has to battle against the conscience of the industrious and efficient, it is